

tered Confirmation, and delivered so lucid an exposition of Catholic faith on that Sacrament, that six more adults asked to be instructed and prepared for its reception at the next pastoral visit.

FACTS.

### From Beyond.

One day in lovely summer I cast myself beside a babbling stream and wandered in fancy through many a fair and lordly land. My thoughts turned often to the rolling prairies, dark majestic forests of America before the great Colon saw its shores. I saw the stalwart forms of my famed ancestors pass toward the glowing western sky. I longed the spectres of fancy might speak, but one by one like figures of a lone night's dream, I saw them fade in nether air. How long this waking vision remained I know not, but presently I seemed borne aloft, carried southward to the Red River's bank, and the cycle of time turned backward half a century. I lost my my identity and became as another being. The mellow light of an October sunset glanced over lordly forests untrod by all but lion like hunter's feet, rolling prairies where roamed the bison in unfettered majesty, "monarch, indeed of all he surveyed." The peaceful flowing rivers wound placidly through the primeval forests. The eyrie calls of savage animals awoke the echoes of the quiet land. The hills arose in purple grandeur, the fertile valleys lay smiling at their feet. I looked long at the nature in her untamed state and wondered what hardy spirit would brook the hardships and solitude it promised, and plant the banner of civilization in those virgin forests. The river went rolling towards the sea with resistless course and I dreamingly watched its onward waters. Would its broad bosom bring the venturesome travellers. Nay, that seemed improbable, not from the sunny southland would

the future inhabitants arrive; some northern race will here abide. While yet these thoughts ran through my brain, I saw down the stream a slight canoe with solitary occupant making up the river towards where I reposed. I gazed earnestly, a thrill passed through my frame; my breath came in quick gasps, for by that little graceful, firm, broad, noble forehead from which the ebon hair fell backward, the dark, sparkling eye, gentle yet majestic mein, partaking more of God-like majesty than ever yet did mere human man. I knew I saw the guardian spirit of my people. His appearance was always accounted of marvelous import, but what might it portend in these lonely wilds? — The notes of the weird lament for a lost cause came floating upon the evening breeze.—

"Oh! My people! Oh! My people! Gone are thy days of warlike glory. Ne'er will thy braves be famed in story.—My people, Oh! My people."

The spirit waved its hands with a gesture indicative of wild despair, casting a longing, lingering look to the bright south, the refrain, "My people! Oh, My people!" broke in bitterest anguish from his lips. The forest cast back the sound, the hills echoed "My people!"

The canoe came landward and its stately occupant soon stood upon the river bank. He loosed the canoe from its mooring and let it float away. Standing erect he faced again the land of love and in a voice whose mellow tone was hoarse with bitter grief, sang his and his nations farewell.

"My native valleys farewell for ever  
Never shall we see thee again  
Forced are we to roam afar from thee  
And all our hearts held dear,  
Gone are the days of my nations glory  
Gone are her days of lordly pride!  
Her braves are with the departed  
Her defenceless ones (cho) march suppliant  
At a conquer's feet.  
Here at last we seek a home in our woe  
Perhaps to mourn and leave but a name behind."